The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

Selfishness and Unselfishness

The contrast between selfishness and unsellishness is thus illustrated by S. G. Weiscotton: There was a stream gliding blithely and carefree down ? mountainside in its course to the ocean.
On the way it passed a stagnant pool, which asked whither it was going. The stream answered that it went to contribute its cup of water to the vast ocean.

the vast ocean.

Follow My Example.

"Wait!" said the pool. "Why give up all your substance to the ocean, which has no need of it? Follow my example and hold on tight to what you have. Soon the hot season will be around and the glowing sun will shrivel you up."

and the glowing up."

But the stream's unselfishness forbade such a course, and it flowed merrily onward, while the pool gathered
itself together more closely and settled down to its position of selfish ease
and comfort.

itself together more closely and settled down to its position of selfish easo and comfort.

The Time of Test.

Presently the hot season came, and the sun scorched everything beneath its blazing heat. But the little stream flowed securely beneath an archivay of overhanging trees, the leaves and branches of which sheltered it from dangers and obstructions.

And the sun peeped through the leaves and smiled upon it, saying that it could not harm such an unoffending thing. And the birds came to sip of its refreshing waters, while the sweet showers bloomed along its side. The farmer in the field looked kindly upon it, the cows stood ankle deep and quenched their thirst from its wavelets, and the stream pursued its way happily, blessing everything and beling blessed.

Disseminator of Evil.

But not so with the pool. The sun glared down on it, drying it up and making it repugnant and unwholesome. And the breezes, kissing it by mistake, carried its unwholesomeness away in the form of malaria.

Everything shunned the pool, which because of its selfishness and inertia, became a murky puddle, recking with the germs of evil.

Back to Its Mountain Home.

But the stream emptied its water into the ocean, from which it was borne aloft into the clouds and carried lyck to the mountain summit whence it came, there to begin egain its joyous course.

Given Over to Scilishness.

Its joyous course.

Given over to Selfishness.

Romola, in George Elliot's book of that name, gave to Tito's son, after calamity had overtaken the boy's father, the history of that father os a man given over to his own selfishness.

She said: "There was a man to whom I was very near, so that I could see a great deal of his life, who made almost every one fond of him, for he was young and clever and beautiful, and his manners to all were gentle and kind.

"I believe when I first met him he

sho his manners to all were gentle and kind.

"I believe when I first met him, he never thought of anything cruel or base. But because he tried to slip saway from everything that was unplessant, and cared for nothing clie so much as his own safety, he came at last to commit some of the basest deeds—such as make men inframous. He denied his father and left him to misery, he betrayed every trust that was reposed in him, that he might keep himself, safe and get rich and prosperous."

Fulle Anger.

Fulle Anger.

The camel has one very bad fault. He likes to pay back, and if his driver has injured him in any way he will not rest until he has gotten even.

The Arabs, people who wander about the desert, and so use the camel a great deal, know about this fault of the snimal, and have a queer way of keeping themselves from getting hurt. When a driver has made his camel angry, he first runs away out of sight. Then choosing a place where the camel will soon pass, he throws down asme of his clothes and fixes them so that the heap will look like a sleeping man.



three "littlest" girls, who did not want to them. It was a support them. It was a support them. It was a support to them. It was a support to the government.

It was a support the government.

It had planned various plays, historically correct, but the children entered ing to others, but they caused the let on occasion to use them. In fact, it since her children have grown she is ashamed to meet their for she knows they judge her, obtained the support of act and measure her words.

In measure her words, and measure her words, and the sould be supported to the continuous plays, historically correct, but the children entered in the support of the government.

I had planned various plays, historically correct, but the children entered in the season of this game. The victor and the book prize was a striped peppermint stick. The flowers on the Table.

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Give us a Fourth that's sane! Why should the foolish chafe, Why should the foolish chafe, When laws are made? Why should our skies be red, With conflagration dread, By reckless folly led, Our land afraid?

Give us a Fourth of peace! Let noise and danger cease, Let pleasure reign, Let music bright and gay Make glad the bollida

-ADA STEWART SHELTON.

Milekerhorker Salad.

Wipe, peel and thoroughly chill medium-sized tomathes. With a sharp knife, make five parallel cuit, at equal distances, crosswise of tomatoes, ground that may menancy your saight not savaring sections. In this horized.

Regarding Happiness

The stream is not marred, it is me nose beautiful, when broken by raind sweeping through eddles, when sliently gliding through the lad canal. ded canal.
And so the happiness, says Ric

And so the happiness, says He S. Storrs, which is found in a 22 passed amid the conditions that vest us in this life, may be brighter, more full and animated its very interruptions. The ple shall be more radiant than ever, contrasting the darkness of an past sorrow.

To Love and Be Loved.

A little boy said to his mother "couldn't make sister happy nohow touldn't make better happy." "I make Jim happy," said another boy, speaking of his invalid brother. He laughs and that makes me happy and I laugh." "To love and be loved," said Sydney Smith, "is the greatest happiness of existence."

The Gift of Happiness.

The Gift of Happiness.

A poor woman went into a wealthy merchant's counting house one day and saw plies of bank notes which the clerks were busy in counting.

The poor woman thought of her desolate home and the needs of her family, and, almost without thinking, she said to herself, "Ah! how happy a very little of that money would make me."

The merchant overheard her, and asked, "What is that you say, my friend?"

The poor woman was confused, and degred to be excused, as she did not intend to betray her desires in words. But the kind-hearted merchant insisted, and finally the woman had to respect what she had said.

"Well," inquired the merchant, "how much would it take to make you happy?"

"Oh! I don't know, sir," said the woman, "but the weather is very coldered and I have no fuel; my children ary thinly clad, sir, for I have been slok. But we don't want much. I think, sir, about \$15 would get us all we need."

"John," said the man to his clerk count this woman out \$15."

Thus the poor woman's heart was made glad, and when she got home, her family were made happy.

At the close of the day the clerk asked his employer how he should enter on n's books the money given. He answered, "For making a woman happy, \$15." Perhaps that was the happlest \$15 the merchant himself had ever spent.

silent Power Like the Dew.

The down upon the peach or the plum is so delicate and so thickly see that one cannot touch the fruit with a needle's point without breaking the tender sta...; and yet the dew of the night covers the whole surface of the fruit and disappears in the morning leaving the gossamer growth more orderly and beautiful than before The dew covers every leaf of the glant oak, and the might tree drinks in the refreshing moisture to its thirsty heart through millions of pores and the iron trunk which has withstood a thousand storms is made stronger by the gentle strength of the dew.

the dew.

The Magical Sfream.

Traversing Thrace is a wonderfy river flowing west and south towar the Egean Sea, named the Tearus.

It is said to come from thirty-eight springs, all issuing from the sam rock, some hot and some cold. The waters so mingling are pure, limple and delicious, and are possessed or remarkable medicinal properties, being efficacious for the cure of various diseases.

Darius was so much pleased with this river that his aramy halted or its march to refresh itself with its waters.

And a monument was sea on the condition of the cure of the cu

waters.

And a monument was erected at the spot as a memorial of the march, and also as a tribute to the salubrity the waters of this magical st.es.

The Singing Heart.

There is never a sky of wing To the heart that sings alw Never a night but hath stars and dreams of a rosy day

The world is ever a garde Red with the bloom of M And hever A stormy morne.

To the heart that sings alway.

—Frank L. Stanton.

Grievances Double-Edged Swords,
Writes Dora Melegari in "Makers of
Sorrow and Makers of Joy": I once
said to a woman who had suddenly
lost her best friend after years of
closest intimacy, without a quarrel
and for no apparent reason, "everytime he thinks of you he will be filled
with remorse."
"Remorse?" she repiled, "not at all,
the is quite sure that all the fault
lies on my side: In retrospect he has
created imaginary grievance."
I indignantly protested, ready even

created imaginary grievance."

I indignantly protested, ready even to pity her the more. She smillingly my lips, saying: "Do not pity ms, I might have had grievances, but I have none; in spite of everything mine is the better part." And she was right. Grievances are like a double-edged sword that wounds on one side the heart it enters, on the other the heart if enters, on the other the heart for the point that pierces sinks into depths from which it is drawn forth with difficulty.

In reality, everybody is, a "triim to grievances; they thap," arbor as well as they who create them, and for this is an aveal it as to cat.

If the country prevalent, the

The lower shop. When the woman